

2014

Southwinds - Spring 2014

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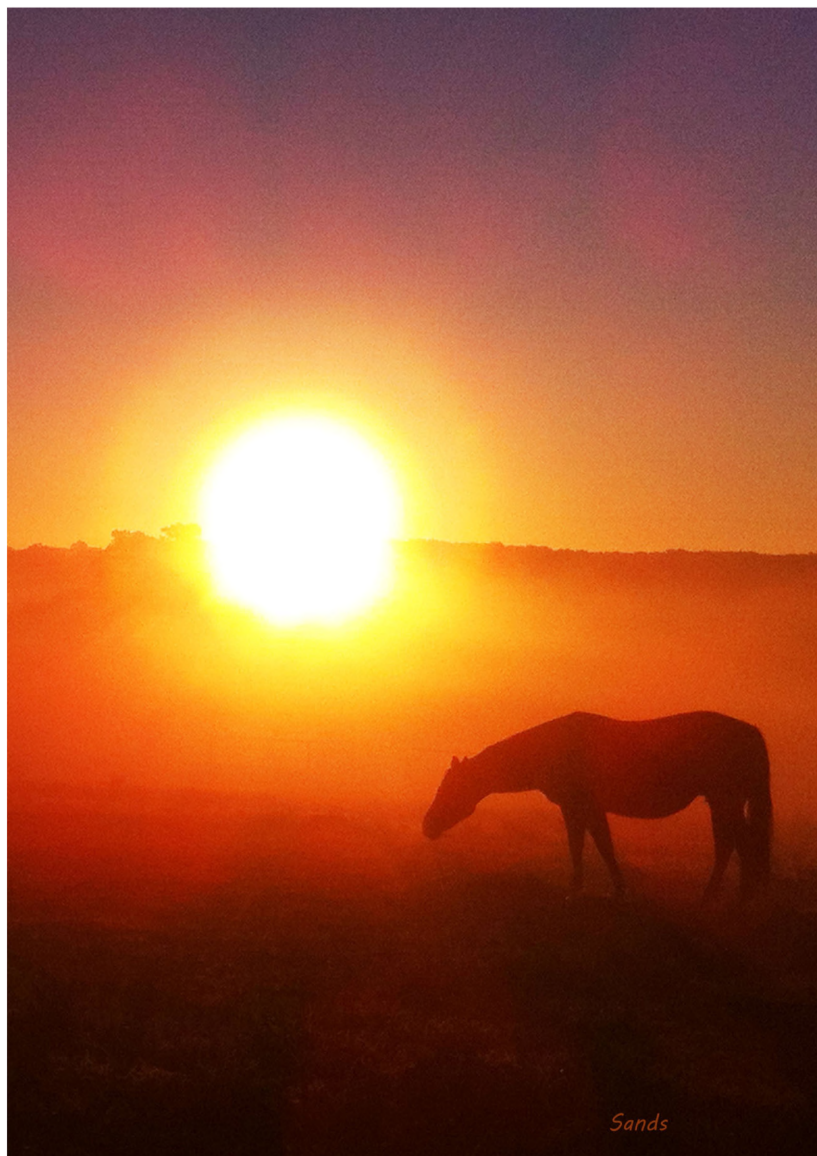
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Southwinds



**The Literary and Arts Magazine
of Missouri S&T – Spring 2014**



Southwinds

THE LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE
OF
MISSOURI UNIVERSITY OF
SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
SPRING 2014

Southwinds is sponsored by the
Department of English & Technical Communication

What is *Southwinds*?

How can I submit my art? How can I join?

Southwinds is published annually in the spring semester and distributed free of charge to the Missouri S&T community. The club Southwinds, which produces the magazine, is a recognized student organization and **open to all students.**

Each fall semester *Southwinds* invites submissions from Missouri S&T students, faculty, staff, and alumni. Poetry, stories, photographs, and original artwork should be sent to swinds@mst.edu, or you may contact the faculty advisor, Dr. Anne Cotterill—cotteril@mst.edu—with any questions or contributions.

If you are an undergraduate or graduate student on the S&T campus with an interest in creative writing, design and layout, or the visual arts and would like to help produce or promote the next issue of *Southwinds*, please contact Dr. Cotterill.

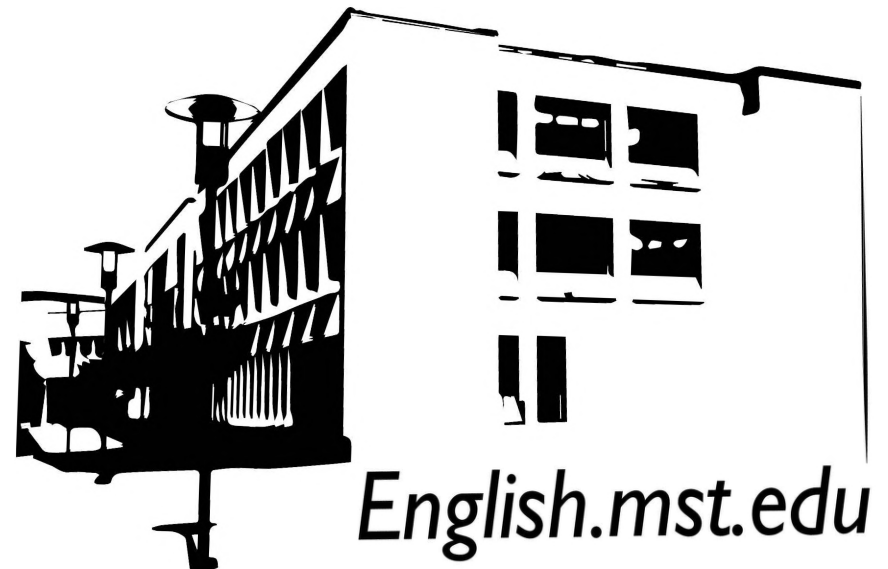


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Eloquence

Patrick Powell

I can write a poem about
how the wind on your face can feel
like polished nails
gliding coolly across your cheek.
But the way it hits me --
why it freezes me in place
in the harsh January chill
evades capture

I can pen some verse
about the magma coursing through my veins
to try and lay bare my vulcan heart.
Still, I cannot peel away
the dead stoic stone
cannot dispel the faÇade
cannot reveal the mountain's white-hot, molten core

I can throw together some lines
about how the world works
about how taking her favor for granted
is like leaving your front door unlocked
yet I lack the words I need
to paint her portrait
to evoke her emptiness
and her ecstasy
and her bounty
and her bleakness

But you know what?
I have all I need
to tell you how the colors
on that tiny flower
in the corner of that parking lot are like
a girl's cobalt eyes
and ebon hair
She screams her agony
and exultation
to those who stop and listen
and in doing so she knows
a beauty her bigger never can.

Dandelion Puff *Michael Bubash*



Bulletin Board

Drew Amidei

Hangs on the wall an empty folder
reading Poems About Fish.
There it waits, calling for intrepid minds
to deposit words of levity, brevity, or wit.

But anxious students elect to pass
empty glances at the wasted beggar.
Each one is full of words, but unwilling
to leave some of them behind.

Tree Mushrooms *Shelby Kittrell*



Assassin's Passion

Payge Wyman

The roaring voice of blissful desire endures,
A soft house on the streets of murder,
An uncommon scheme, happy to conspire a kiss,
One creative twist of grandeur denial,
Savoringly pause, a shimmer of love before the
stranger feasts.

Trickster Child

Gene Doty

trickster child
grinning with glee
hot dogs in one hand
waffles in the other
fierce in your golden mask
of animated piracy
falling again for
little sister's prank

Flying Fish

Drew Amidei

Nothing so baffles the eye,
like the sight of raucous sunfish
soaring through the clouds
reflected in the water.



Identity *Shirley Jin*

Piano Love

Rebekah Harrah

Joyous notes cascading
Through and over, up and down
Know not the object of their love
They possess the beauty from above

They only know their melody
Sweeping gently through me
Caressing away the fear and shame
And dancing swiftly upon my brain

The smooth tender hands of his
Move notes through height and depth
Sending them twirling upon my ear
Like fairies with bouquets of cheer

The notes tempt and tug my heart
With their resemblance of my love
But do not know they are not the one
That has my heart already won

The man of which the notes derive
Is what has kept the music so alive
I lie here as it flows over me
My love's sweet, sweet melody



Tintern Abbey *Ed Malone*



Thames at Night *Ed Malone*

The Swimmer

Payge Wyman

Stopped in time, weightless
Slicing through the cool liquid
They have become one

Endless Possibilities

Stephenie Lynch

When those intense twinges of
Fear and Sadness
Take root in my heart
I try to push away the
Negatives
Yet still they stay

Rooting
Coiling
Grasping
Tearing
At the edges of my soul

Only one such way
Exists to Erase
The Tangles of
Overbearing
Pain

I close my eyes
Breathe in
Count to five
Exhale
As the canvas spreads out
Splashing the grays

I see a world filled with
Wonder
Behind my eyelids
Ships soaring through the sky
Bearing North to spiraling peaks

Oceans of watercolor
Splattering across the sands of
Time
With every hue and those yet the
Eye cannot comprehend

I see a world of
Adventure
Filled with neverending stories of
Dragons, Giant Robots,
Heroes, Villains,
Black and White
Gray and Gray
Blue and Orange
Morality
Mortality

An empty void
Sprouting into life
Building on the
Possibilities and Hardships
All within the human heart

I see a world of
Peace and Destruction
Granting both
Salvation and Ruin

Grains of sand
Dripping through the
Hourglass
Ticking of the
Clock
In Relative Time

Tick... Tick... Tick...

...Tick...

My eyes are
Wide Open

Whitby Abbey *Ed Malone*



Horseshoe Park, Colorado *Michael Bubash*



Kayak

James J. Bogan, Jr.

"There are people who think it sometimes pleasant and invigorating for a healthy man to take a walk during a storm." -- Vincent Van Gogh

"Death was in the air and I was hoping it was not mine." -- Jack London

When I launched with a crunch crunch crunch off the pebble beach for a post-sunset night run in the sea-kayak,
there was some lightening action far to the North, over
Rudyard maybe—
Nothing local, but ideal for long distance gawking
at fireworks that beat the best exported from Hunan.
A constant breeze, weirdly warm, pushes me along
and then beyond the blow-by-point at the extremity of the Island. I look out
into the full expanse of dark Lake Huron with nothing between me and distant
Manitoulin but windblown empty waters. I manhandle the boat back into the
wind, back towards the shore,
back to where, should I flip, the long boat would wash towards the Island,
rather than being swept out into the middle of the wide lake,
next stop Georgian Bay.
I am posted a hundred yards off the beach holding my own and monitoring the
grand light show in the sky:
Each minute five-pronged chain-lightening leaps cloud to cloud and
between times two cumulating clouds strobe incandescent. Strangely there
are only faint rumbles.
No sharp cracks accentuate the rippled and ripped air.
So far the bent lines of fire have lingered out over the lake in the
magnetic north preferred by marching Manitous
but two wide bolts in almost vertical grooves nail
Castle Rock nail Rabbit's Back to the West.

One thousand one
One thousand two
One thousand three
One thousand four

One thousand five One
thousand six One thousand
seven One thousand eight
CRRAAAACKKK BOOM

Kayak (Continued)

measures those strikes as roughly two miles away. Time to retreat
towards home
with the waves from the west
and the still warm wind from the South.
Mark you the double pronger directly overhead
which heralds a 160 degree wind shift from the south to northwest and the balmy
breeze born in Texas gives way in two minutes
to an opening gust from Hudson Bay
that raises three foot waves in another minute. Then gust
gives way to a double gale.
The light festooned bridge has disappeared from view.
Waves begin to tumble, spindrift
soon is blinding
and I cannot even look at what is coming,
not that I could see in the doubled dark anyway. Wind speed
accelerates
from nuthin' much to 50 or 80 miles per hour
depending on whose anemometer you would want to believe, but I am dubious
of the computer that stuck on 100 knots! The rain drives so hard it flattens the
edges of the waves.
To get near my landing I have no choice but to run down wind. Facing big waves
is not without its overwhelming challenges but running downwind on cresting
waves
calls for much deeper skill and luck levels
—My bad luck story is another one— This time I
ride the roller coaster without losing my balance
though it took several primal screams
and some distracted prayers to St. Brendan the Navigator to induce the
equilibrium that kept me upright.

That I could maneuver the savvy boat into the waves again
was some kind of salvation and there was some kind of security in the midst
of a tempest,
as I held my own fifty yards out
from the beach in front of my boat house.
A classic Jove-tossed thunderbolt drills the nearby woods
and my count is "wuh"— the "n thousand" being short circuited
by a shock wave of shuddering air which has traveled all of 300 yards.
A done-for beach umbrella cartwheels down the shore. Waves roll
in from the north leveling the pebbles
from heights piled up since last November.

Kayak (Continued)

((It was about this time
on the other side of the invisible bridge in be-
deviled Lake Michigan
that two sadly doomed sailors were
bashed
then drowned
when the radical wind shifted and sheered, flipping
their 35 foot boat upside down.
The sailess mast wags towards the center of the earth
The rudder flops towards blue Vega at the zenith. It was the
low profile simplicity of the kayak
that kept me vertical.))
The double-bladed paddle
in tandem with the foot-controlled rudder
aims the lurching bow directly into the wind—
the sanest course in an insane situation.
Lightening-charged, frigid rain fills my gaping mouth and I gulp
the rarefied elixir
that perhaps nullified the attraction of electric forces... Doubtful
that bit of delusional alchemy,
but wishful thinking often fills the void before annihilation.
The relentless short frequency rollers have all my attention as they wash
over the rounded deck of clever design.
I somehow forget about the lightening, which roars soundlessly
amidst the four foot walls of water
I cannot see.

The storm dissipates
but the waves
in cleaving aftermath
continue to break
in the darkness.
The bridge reappears.

An anomalous but fortuitous five footer allied to
the expiration of the wave itself lifts me up and
flings me ashore.
After an ungainly exit from the boat, my
bare feet clamp terra firma. There is no fist
in the air.
There is no high five for attendant spirits. A long
sigh acknowledges:

Kayak (Continued)

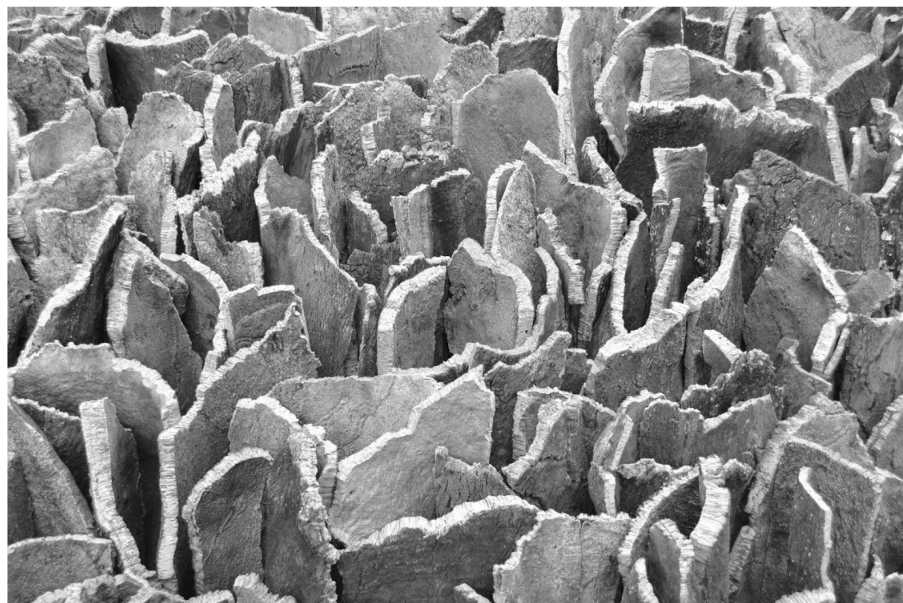
the lucky stars,
the accumulated
experience, the canny
boat design
that conspired towards
my happy survival.

And, at least I don't have to do that again...

but I might.



Fall View of Schuman Park Lake *Abhishek Padmanabhuni*



Hidden Secrets

Amber Julien

Secrets are inevitable
Everyone has them but no one admits it
They engulf the warmth of the home
Dark and suffocating
Families move under pretenses of happiness
Plastic smiles and wary eyes
Caregivers become empty shells
Children walk in shoes too big to fill
She flails to keep from sinking under as they push farther down
Walls of protection constructed higher
She is shrouded in darkness and her light is dimming
Plastic smiles grow wider and shoulders stop quivering
She pushes back as she blooms
Her words become weapons of destruction
Destruction of a long-term façade
She wields and lashes back at those presumed to protect her
Their mingled secrets fracturing

Professions

Laura Riggins

Daddy piles bodies.
and those he does not pile,
he cuts into pieces
(i watched from behind
the stack thrown away)
i laughed at that gaping jaw
at the metal saw in Daddy's hand
and saw the tearing red
(like the ruby liquid my baby brother left,
on momma's legs
the day she went to heaven)

i pass down the aisles
at midnight's moon
and walk down the red rows
of the crying boys in blue

one is laughing
like geese when the winter wind
bites their wings.
Daddy calls him mad
and tells me, in his funny way
that i shall have the mad man's eyes
for blue marbles

my other playmates stay in piles
i hit them with my wooden sword
i try to lead them into battle
but they cry "no more"

and when they move no more,
Daddy still piles bodies
while i shush my boys in blue

It's Only the Rain

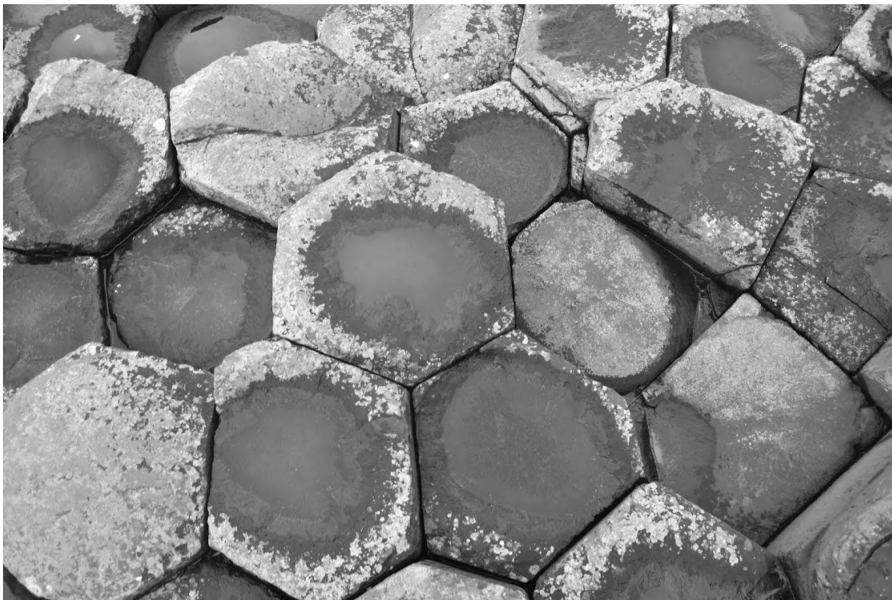
Jacob Tate

Can we pretend that it's only the rain,
That runs down these cheeks,
Staining my face with cold wet streaks?

Can we blame it on the clouds,
So that my sorrow can hide,
And maybe I can save my pride?

Can we act like we can't see the truth,
That my swollen, red, puffy eyes,
Don't give away all my watery lies?

On this bright sunny day,
Made dark by my terrible pain,
Oh, please won't you say,
That we can pretend it's only the rain?



Giant's Causeway *Ed Malone*

Flower on Triund Hill (Himachal Pradesh, India)

Abhishek Padmanabhuni



Never Again

Payge Wyman

Love isn't real for those of us
that have died once before from
emotionally trying times
Time cannot heal our wounds
for they are damaged beyond
anyone's repair
Near or distant future, neither is
promising for we poor, dis-
traught people
All we have to cherish are the
leftover pieces of our hearts
that we will never again share

Story of the Frozen Heart

Stephenie Lynch

A frozen heart
Crystallized by eternal silence
A soul living within
- Yet words be stilled
By clear barrier

Seeing outside the glass
Never breaking through

...

..

.

Someone enters this cold world
Placing a hand upon the crystal
Looking in on the chilled soul

Warm fingers ghost over ice
Melting
Refreezing
Layers shift away, remaking anew

Warmth of heart
A chance for hope
A chance to meet the world
Outside that frozen chamber
Stilled in life

Tears flow beyond the mirror
Reaching for reformed existence

The march of time begins
A year of warmth

..

.

Yet...
The heart remains frozen
Crystal tears shattering on the ground
Weight of life bears down

Ice rebuilds
The once warm heart
In contact with mine was
Fake
False
Imagined
...
..
.
The chilled chamber brings comfort
Frozen walls smooth
Snowy floor soft

The view from inside the glass
Was not so bad
'I give up...'
'I give up...'

'Don't stop the march of time for me
I want to watch them pass by'

Eyes flutter shut
A butterfly on the cheek

'Even if I cannot find happiness
Let my dear ones find happiness
Even if this cage is everlasting
Let me watch their time of love'

And so the frozen creature remains
Trapped
Content
Watching the many happiness's
Bloom
Through her window frost.

"I wish you, my dear ones,
hold happiness in your hands.
Then
I too shall be happy
Because you are so happy..."

Winter View of Schuman Park Lake *Abhishek Padmanabhuni*



Solstice Morning

Gene Doty

insecure sinecure
the secret play
of increasing vowels
dissonance
of consonants
a wonder full
of thunder

Rock

Raz Kerwin

There is a rock in the woods
that I like.
Big and lumpy,
it slowly flakes off the hill.
If you stand on top,
and look down,
it looks like a broken heart.
two halves,
sliding apart,
forever.



A Ride of Passage

Caetlin Witbrod

“Hey, you wanna go for a ride?” the man asked with a slippery grin.

“No, thank you,” Ally replied politely. “I ain’t really askin’.”

Ally coughed, covering her mouth with a tissue. When she pulled the tissue back it contained a few red spots. She stared at it curiously, forgetting the man entirely. Her eyes were transfixed by the red spots.

He revved the engine of his truck to remind her that he was waiting. She started and dropped the tissue. She quickly knelt down to grab it and again politely denied the man.

“I’ll be back for you later then.”

She hurried inside, and the man and his truck vanished just as mysteriously as they had appeared. She sat on her bed, again giving the red spots all of her attention. The spots began to darken as is normal for drying blood, yet somehow she could not grasp their significance. Her mind could not process them as blood, but merely as spots. Her phone began to sound and she reached for it instinctively. The woman’s voice gave Ally a headache and her words did not make sense.

“You need to come into the office. Dr. Goldstein needs to speak with you about your last exam.”

Ally let the phone fall from her ear to the bed below. Her last exam... She had recently had an x-ray of her chest, upon the doctor’s orders. She had gone in for her yearly check-up, and he

felt that her lungs did not sound as clear as they should have, but Ally didn’t know this. She knew they took a picture, but she didn’t know why. She thought perhaps Dr. Goldstein collected pictures of lungs, just as she collected dollies, but Ally did not know.

Her caretaker entered the room and told Ally that she needed to see Dr. Goldstein.

“Dr. Goldstein wants to see me?” she blinked repeatedly and glanced around the room feeling confused.

“Yes, he wants to talk to you.”

She rose up from her bed and smoothed her dress. She looked at the caretaker with wide, innocent eyes that reflected a trust often absent in women her age. The caretaker patted Ally’s shoulder and steered her toward the car.

“I would like to walk there,” Ally commented.

She stopped and looked at the caretaker, awaiting a response.

“You are not well, and the air isn’t good for you. Please, ride in the car.”

Her caretaker held the door open, and Ally slid inside with only a slight shrug in response, all the while clutching the stained tissue in her left hand.

They arrived at Dr. Goldstein’s office and he filled the room with his words. The caretaker’s eyes seemed wetter and brighter than normal, and the doctor seemed nervous. Ally swung her legs back and forth, smiling at nothing in particular. Her thoughts drifted to the stranger who visited her that morning. He didn’t really bother her, but he didn’t really belong there either. Ally thought of telling the caretaker, but she seemed

to have too much on her mind lately and Ally didn’t want to add to the burden.

Dr. Goldstein took a break from his prepared speech to ask Ally if she had any questions. She just smiled sweetly and said no.

“Well, wait. I do have one question. Is my picture the best?”

The doctor looked at the caretaker with confusion, then back at Ally.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean you put it on the wall, and I don’t see anyone else’s up there so that means mine is the best, right?” She pointed to the x-ray.

“Umm...” His voice trailed off as he wondered how he should respond.

“Yes honey. Yours is the best.” Her caretaker replied, sparing Dr. Goldstein the discomfort and uneasiness that was unfortunately a frequent part of his profession.

They rode in silence most of the way home, broken only by Ally tapping her feet to a tune all of her own. She thought she saw the man and his truck at the end of the street before hers, but when she whipped her head around to get a better look he was gone.

As the days passed there were many more tissues like the first. The tissues became increasingly more red than white until the spots Ally observed were pale and the tissues themselves had transformed into crimson.

Then one day the man returned in his truck just as he promised. He did not say a word, and neither did Ally as she climbed inside still clutching her stained tissue.



**The St. Louis
Bell Telephone
Company Building**

Michael Bubash

Quantum Poem

Drew Amidei

This poem could have been great,
funny or tragic or bright.
Meadows of poppies or rivers of bloods
spring, hypothetically, from the page.

Possessing impeccable meter
impossibly wonderful rhyme,
this could've been a treasure,
if you hadn't given it time.

Its potential mathematically infinite
until the bumbling fool
carelessly observed it,
so for its failure I blame you.



Tram *Tao Zhang*

View of Sunset from Deer Mountain *Michael Bubash*



Our Story

Stephen Showers

Pictures say a thousand words.
And they render even us speechless
For once not concerned with being heard
And we open up to what they can teach us
The whimsical, the spiritual,

They tell the story that we need

The words that are critical,
The ones we need to see
The real beauty that is in our own picture
And our thousand worded story

Makeshift Wings

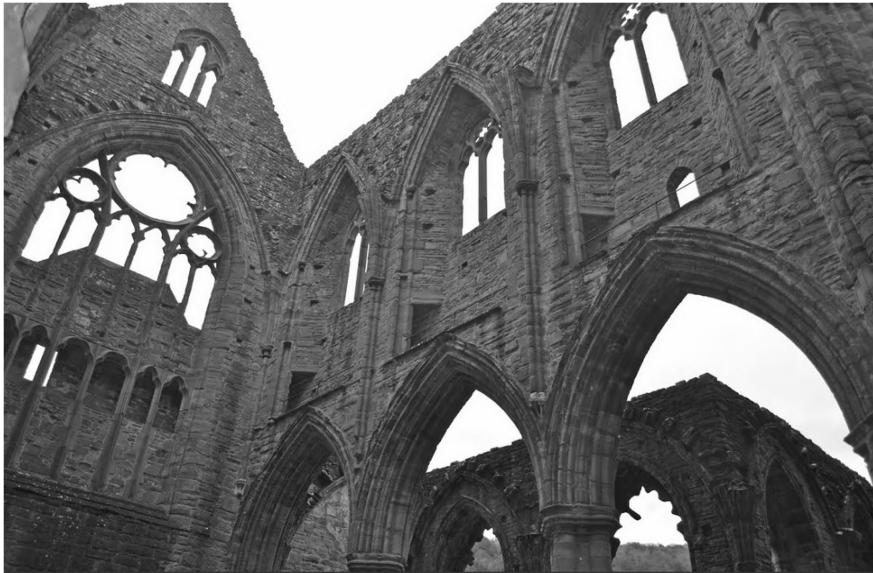
Matthew Eakins

Do dragons dream of reality? Wishing, like us,
to cement a spot in society? Hold a job, raise a family
build a house then enjoy retirement. Maybe they don't
dwindle on such a petty existence; they'd rather be
fighting for the privilege of breathing.

We dream of them, so why not them of us?

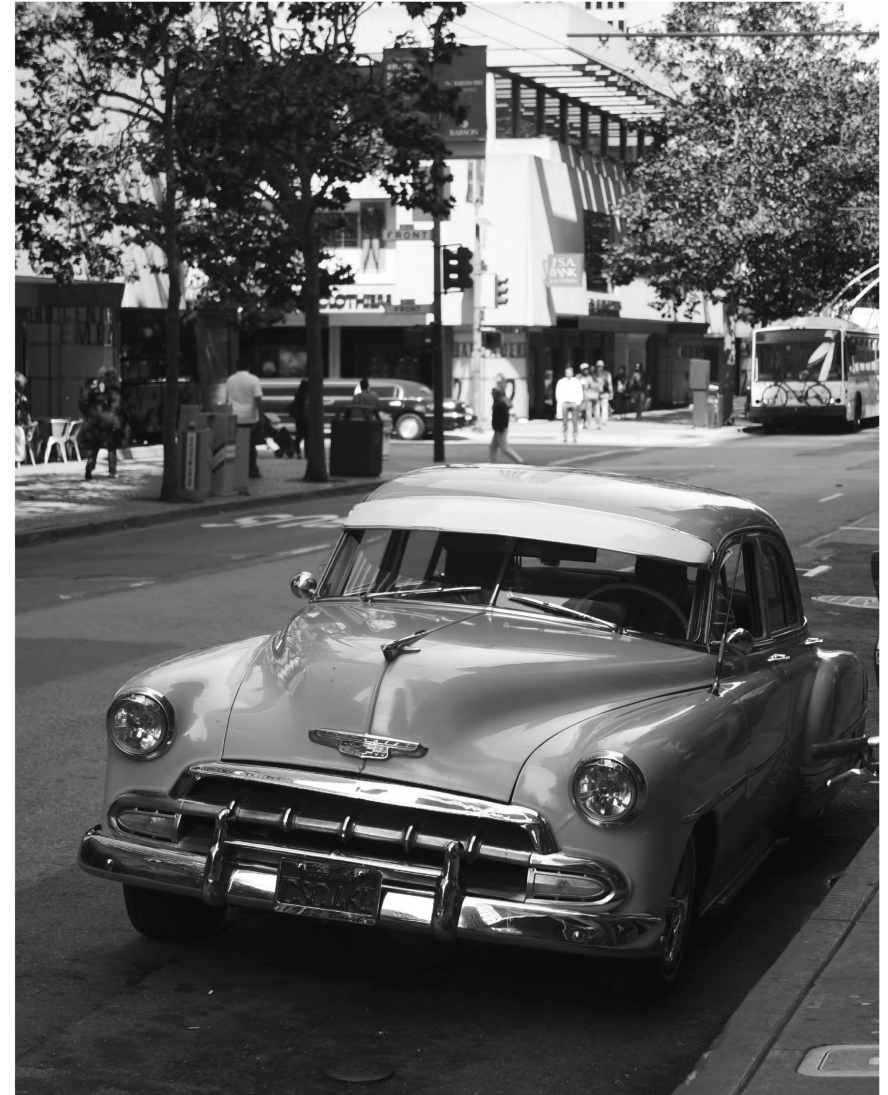
In that essence they retain a life. Perhaps not one
which people admire, but a life still protruding with fantastic infinity.
Each dream we dream hands them breath to breathe, each line
we write gives them space to be. So fear not that creature
which carved life from your ideas. The key to its life
is the same that gives it death.

As long as we persist, keep challenging the boundaries,
we'll coexist within a dimension we both founded.
So all young, valiant knights pursue those worlds on dreary nights.
And sit and hope that mythical beast is chasing the same reality,
falling asleep.



Interior View, Tintern Abbey *Ed Malone*

1952 Chevrolet *Michael Bubash*



Scribbled Words

Rebecca White

Words and phrases
fly through my mind.
It is all I can do
to scribble them down
or type them up
before they flutter away.

When doing so,
the only thing I feel
is desperation.

Desperation to get them down
before they vanish
as quickly as they came.

Afterwards,
reading through my creations,
I'm moved by the emotion contained
within those scribbled words.

And I'm left wondering.
How was I not aware
of the feelings
I was capturing
with my words?

Resolutions

Phalgun Lolur

Dedicated to the ones with resolutions (made on the new years' eve or otherwise)

Bolt wants to run his race,
Neil seeks to educate;
Serena fancies another title,
Suu Kyi wishes a peaceful cycle.

Arvind wants to lead a change,
Warren seeks more trade;
Elon fancies a revolution,
Malala wishes further education.

Abdul wants to write a book,
Gordon seeks to be a cook;
Leo fancies to be the best,
Others wish to take their test.

Them are them and you are you,
How much will you have done,
Before that time comes,
When your resolve ends?



Writing Tao Zhang

Peacock

Raz Kerwin

A peahen came to live with us;
she just showed up one day.
Maybe lost, maybe lonely...
but she seemed to like it here okay.

Now a peahen is what you
call a female peacock,
and that one fact sums up a lot.
She's not as famous,
and not as bright;
people talk about the peacock,
and forget about his wife.

Despite her delicate blue crown,
and her royal coat of emerald down
She's just a peahen;
and so defined
by her lack of mate.

Then one Spring day,
she flew away.
We don't know why;
But we suspect it was to find
the other.

Day and Night

Phalgun Lolur

Dedicated to all the night creatures and fellow insomniacs...

The sun's reaching out to the horizon,
The dials of the clock, slowing down;
The day is losing its color and hue,
Your body seems to know it too;
So, in the silence of the night,
Sleep is all I seek;

Yet, in the glory of the night,
Sleep is for the weak;
The night, getting richer by the hour,
There's music only if you seek and hear;
One world might be stagnating,
But many more spring up to life.



St. Louis Arch from Train Station *Michael Bubash*

Family Recipe

Drew Amidei

After the peppers, red and green, have been diced
add the onions, beef, and beans.
Add to the pot the tomatoes and whatever other detritus
remains in the pantry from meals planned, but never executed.

A mound of meat and beans,
topped with a tangled mass of cheese awaits,
incomplete.
Next add the cumin, which smells
like those mysterious markets you were dragged through
as a child, dragged by a hand scarred, smelling of stale tobacco.
Was it the Salems or the skin grafts,
that stained the skin stretched over gnarled knuckles,
so disgustingly yellow?

Mix in the garlic and the chili powder.
Reach under the sink for the Carlo Rossi.
Dust the jug and pour the wine, without measuring,
the way you remember your father pouring
before he took a gulp from the bottle and put the wine back
in the same place you found it that wintry night.
Sixteen and alone, you sat in the yard
they wheeled his body through.
The wine was sour, even more sour than the tears
you looked through, watching your neighbor's Christmas lights
flashing like the lights of the ambulances.

The rest is just time.
In the low heat the contents simmer, for hours.
Days pass while the taste matures.
Each individual ingredient loses its flavor,
but leaves the sum stronger.

Poverty

Lee Voth-Gaeddert

Webster's dictionary defines poverty as the state of one who lacks a usual or socially acceptable amount of money or material possessions.

However, I would go so far as to suggest a different definition of poverty. Many people, Westerners or others, have a predisposed idea as to what defines someone as impoverished. Living in a very materialistic society leads to the concept that the ability to acquire material items defines one's poverty level. To better understand this concept of material poverty I decided to move into an area that had a higher percentage of people below the poverty line than average. In August I moved into a mobile home in Rolla, MO.

The first time I set foot into my new living quarters I was greeted by a host of cobwebs, spiders, smells and fleas. As this unit had not been inhabited in a while a bit of work was needed to spruce it up. Over the next month I repaired, fixed, added and adjusted the interior of my unit. I also made the rule that I was required to visit three different second-hand stores before going to a department store to acquire items. I also forewent purchasing a bed and utilized a hammock which I hung in the bedroom. There are a diverse group of people with a diverse set of reasons for living in these areas. However, many of the

reasons stem from money-related issues. A common perception is that if a person can live cheaply by utilizing a mobile home then perhaps he or she can save enough money to move up the economic ladder. Here are my experiences of why this strategy is not as easy as it may seem.

I live slightly above the poverty line for a single person unit for the year. The likelihood of me having an issue with credit card debt due to a variety of reasons (health, education, transportation, etc.) is around 51% according to CBS. Between trying to pay off school loans, pay rent, pay car and health insurance, pay phone and internet bills (which I need for work), and pay for food and heat, this leaves less than a desirable amount for security and personal items. If a large expense were to arise, I would have a very hard time dealing with it. Unfortunately, one such issue did occur recently.

I use minimal heat in my house to save money, which means the thermostat is set on 55 degrees and I wear a sweatshirt at all times. I rely on a small space heater to get me through below-zero nights. One morning I awoke to find I could not feel my right foot. This foot was the farthest part of my body away from my space heater. So as I attempted to regain feeling in my foot I went to investigate the problem. As I stepped out of my room into the main living area I could instantly see my breath and further investigation of the thermo-

stat revealed the reason for the loss of feeling in my foot. My current house temperature was a balmy 30 degrees. As I assessed the issue with my now frozen pipes I found that the water that had collected in the dishes sitting in my sink had frozen over. It occurred to me at this point that, in theory, I could warm up by climbing into my fridge! While I did not do this the idea that it was colder in my house than in my fridge was comical. The cause of my heat loss turned out to be a shortage of propane in my gas tank. Surprising to me was that as a civil engineering student, living in this house for four months, I had made the grand mistake of assuming my house was heated electrically as in my previous living arrangements. Unfortunately, a lack of heating fuel was not the end of my problems.

As I went to face the music of my landlord I realized that to fill a large gas tank would be a substantial hit to my expenses. This realization was then turned into a great frustration as I learned that propane had, just recently, doubled in price! Now, I am fortunate in having people around me in my life that are happy to support me if I ask; but many folks who also reside in these neighborhoods are not so lucky. A blow like this to many would mean another loan or cash advance. To pay this spiked interest loan, more months or years would need to be spent living in these "cheap" living arrangements to continue to meet payment requirements.

Now, only living in one mobile home park limits my sample size from which to draw conclusions. Many of the folks here, however, are good, hard-working people. And those that assume we can point fingers at why they are here or that think one policy change will solve everything are not respecting the diversity of stories that are present here. While I continue to live in this area, the question goes back to what is poverty?

While my story addresses only one kind of poverty, there are people living in giant mansions by themselves that I would deem living in poverty. The sad truth of the matter is that poverty is only one (and I would argue very small) indicator of happiness. Happiness is the true end to poverty. I personally experience happiness through community outreach, nature and personal accomplishments among others. None of these require money. I am able to watch a beautiful sunrise every morning from the window of my mobile home. I have one piece of furniture in my house, which is a table that fits at least twelve people around it. And I have the opportunity to sit in the middle of an ever-widening gap between the impoverished and the rich.

While Webster may have a little more notorious than I, I prefer my definition of poverty: the lack of happiness. I pray that as a country and as a global community we may come to realize this.

Lily

Jack Morgan

It is 1928
she is visiting in Louth
It is August and she is on vacation
from millwork in Belfast.
The man she will marry,
to whom the note is addressed,
has already emigrated to Hartford, Ct.
where he will die in the 1970s
as will she, both at
St. Francis Hospital where in 1955
Wallace Stevens died.
In the picture there are twelve people
in the rural Irish dress-up of the time
she is the prettiest of the girls
and seems happy.
On the back of the photo she will send him
she writes a brief, reserved flirtation: Mattie--
this snap was taken at Grange
while at a football match
you will know me
if you haven't forgotten
what I am like. Ask Tommie [his brother]
to look for someone he used to know
very well. Yours Sincerely-- Lily.

Alberta Falls, Colorado *Michael Bubash*



Foot Patrolman

Jack Morgan

A retired Irish cop,
my uncle
told me once
how city pigeons
in New York
were bums
in winter
that you came to regard
as derelicts.

Hunched against walls
in alleys
they hardly reacted
if you nudged them
with your nightstick.
I remember saying to one
one night, he said,
move along now,
me buddy,
unless you're the
Holy Ghost.



The Old Cathedral *Michael Bubash*

Poor Puppy

Bobby Lewis

It's not my fault I was a good dog. I was faithful to my owners. I loved them and gave them good times. It wasn't my fault they got tired of me and dumped me off in some strange part of town, not knowing where I was, among strange people I've never seen, strange barks from strange houses with dogs protecting their owners like I once did. I'm scared. It wasn't my fault I ran into the road; I was just trying to go home where I thought I was wanted. But I know now that I was wrong. It wasn't my fault I bit the lady who tried to help me. I am hurting and bleeding, I am so scared. I hope she will forgive me. It's dark and cold, where am I? Somebody please help me.

I hear a soft voice telling me it's ok, he is here to help me. I can't run no more, I have no energy. He touches me and comforts me like my owners once did. It feels so good to be petted once more; it makes my pain ease up some. It wasn't my fault I received injuries that were beyond repair, but this man has comforted me and has told me he was sorry for what has happened and for what he had to do. I have no more pain, I have no more fear. I am at ease now. I can rest. It wasn't my fault, it wasn't my fault, only two know where to lay the blame—my so-called owners at one time and the new owner who of course will never dump me but will protect me for eternal life.



Flower

Shelby Kittrell

Grace

Thomas Huntington

My wooden whale away we go
from salty shores where bristles bore
to starry pastures stallions row
beneath lavender nights we sit
we sit atop soft stones which splinter you.
Carry me now to sea we sleep
on water always warm and dry
under your fin you hold me tight
while I glance your gullet gather,
asleep before your song begins,
Oh midday-morning why are you
wooden whale,
cold
wake up we sink alone adrift
so snowy and I no shoes, you
wair here while I find a way.

Seasons stood static so
long, his mind could not grip
yesterday
a boy's stage forgotten.
Recast by urchins whose
sticks
years he could not forget
until swirled the undercurrent,
giving rise to a past in pieces,
the whale he tried to recreate with many
hearts of objects beset whoever he judged
with frenzy discontent
until battened blossoms
burst and he, fortuitously
afloat the flotsam
composed and aspect his own.

There was but one wooden whale my
possession as I hers,
a malady of class and code
one cannot blame, and now it ends:
Love is separation of land
from sea where we gather at
wetdry shores.

Summertime Moth *Michael Bubash*



Barkhamstead

Jack Morgan

Snowmobiles have packed it some,
the three storms worth,
which makes the footing better
on the trails
but dense flurries begin again;
the cars across the river
have their lights on and move
more slowly, meditatively
along the ridge road.
The wind rises suddenly
sweeping along the valley,
and the heart
like a thing apart
wants to jump ship,
run with the dogs
in their frolic-- their jag of joy
in all this glory coming down.

Cowardice and Courage

Gavin Immer

The breeze that breaks the winter's chains of chill
has freed my wand'ring feet that now descend
through time-worn fault of stone where strikes the rill
who has, in quiet might, this landscape penned.
For years she wrote this stone to fail, and end
her wayward, trickling life and plunge her deep
from precipice, where none know she hath sinned –
and far below she hopes nothing but sleep.
Yet here I also stand, and here I weep
and wonder if another soul should grieve
were I to follow rill with final leap
and, that sweet moment, from this life should cleave –
but no, to burden others while myself appease
I cannot do – I trudge on with the breeze.



The Apotheosis of St. Louis *Michael Bubash*

Kyotopara

James J. Bogan Jr.

“For air conditioning the Japanese imagine waterfalls,”
which lore is attributed to E. Avery Schultz

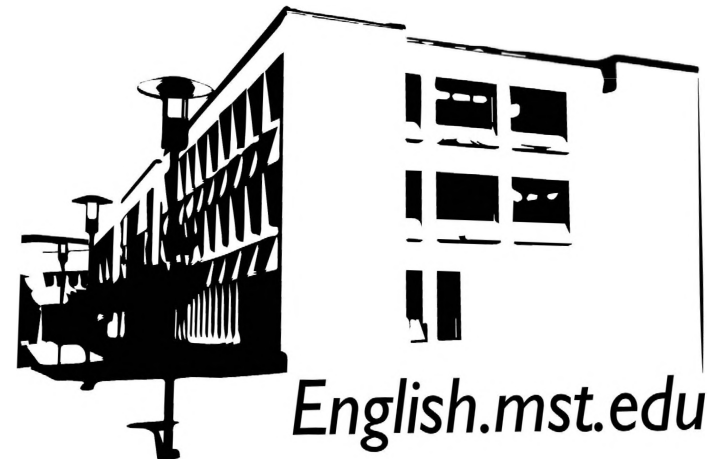
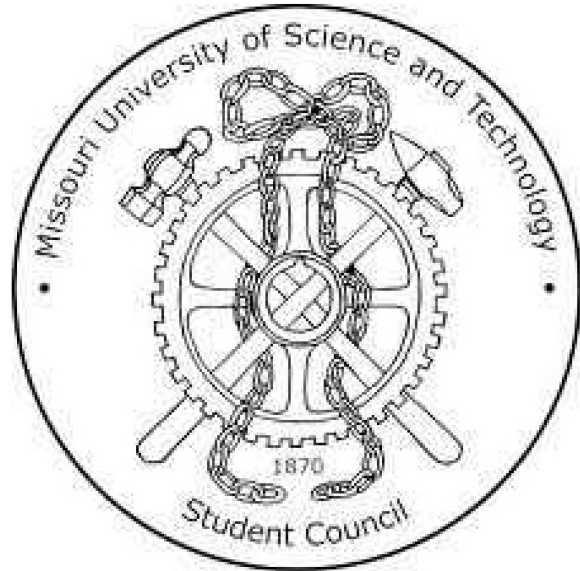
When the leaves
of lofty oaks
fall in the Fall
then I can see
from my office
on the ground floor
all the way
to Kyoto.

The namesake restaurant
run by Celestials
claims the image
of that ancient garden city.
Four-square squat
it occupies
a non-descript
(so I won't describe it)
street corner
on the margins
of Missouri
Highway 63:

pruned pines,
purple wisteria cascading
over a wooden trellis,
water and rocks.

So what
if I have to imagine
the Peach Blossoms--
and the water.

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The Department of English and Technical Communication at Missouri S&T offers undergraduate and graduate degree programs in English, English education, and technical communication. These programs are based on a wide range of courses taught by experienced, accomplished faculty in the following areas: American, British, and world literatures, creative writing, rhetoric and composition, technical communication and technical writing, and linguistics.

The department currently has 19 full and part-time faculty whose research and creative interests include Southern culture and film, medieval literature and folkloristics, food studies and American literature, the history of technical communication, American culture in the 1920s, Victorian literature and medicine, early modern British literature, usability studies, visual communication, diffusion of technology, and original fiction-writing. The faculty's scholarly and creative work results in numerous publications.



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